

last is silent. "It is finished," she exclaims for even in Germany the Smiths are well known.

Everything is arranged—and Kitty—as we'll call her for short—now receives a final order from her good old granny in Skidoo, North Dakota, with which to get a dress worthy of the occasion, for being in "high" in and around Skidoo that is just, and the first black days of November have touched many delicate bronchial tubes. Kitty is pale from overwork and lack of rest. Ah, said, how that thirteenth of December robs your cheeks of their color, your nights of sleep and rest. With what desperate self-doubt you try to believe it could all be different if you had not had to take the thirteenth. "The artistic temperament" your friends tell you, "inclines to the supernatural, even to hypochondria and morbidity, and there is no doubt about it, you'll make a native of it. Cheer up, dear, I'm betting on you."

A TYPICAL REHEARSAL.

Dec. 12—the morning of the rehearsal.

At a sleepless night, Kitty at last takes a cab to be conveyed to the hall. The dim, as she reaches the place, tells her the orchestra is there tuning up.

However, how those formidable heart-cases make our little girl's heart beat! "And what a fierce looking thing that one is there, practicing scales on his cello, his head wreathed in smoke from a cheap cigar. What an unkempt bunch they are, to be sure," thinks Miss Smith to herself. Ha, Kathrene, why so startled? That was only a sinister tone from the bass tuning. Silently Kate mutters a prayer and in a dazed condition, slowly mounts the platform. Frog in her throat? Nay, my dear good readers, that is a moment when she feels one is faced to face with the Maker, and Kathrene from Skidoo thinks to herself, "Oh, what have I done to deserve this." The conductor raps for attention. "Gentlemen—Miss Smith, Miss Smith, the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra." Kate smiles weakly and the obese and has-son players (usually bald) remove their hats a moment, for at 10 a. m., on Dec. 12, it is bitter cold in Germany.

Let us pass over details and spare the reader the sufferings of the rehearsal. After all did not the conductor himself say, "A bad rehearsal always presages a good concert." Am I going too far, when I assert that as Kathrene sinks back in a closed cab, heart-broken in her meditation, she thinks of Jack—plain Jack—away over in Skidoo, who told her long ago, "Why, Kitty, for me you're the only thing in this world!" With bitter determination she wipes the tears from her eyes. "Nonsense," says the American girl, "I'll win or I'll die."

On reaching the Pension, however, Kate finds a headache and has some tea and toast and then, putting in the day and the night, writing to her folks and re-reading for the thousandth time Granny's letter about the "betting the boys are doing."

The forenoon day of the concert, our girl is often interrupted in her practicing—which she began at 3 on the stroke—by the few "faithful followers" who come to cheer her along. And each time Kate holds them close to her heart, as if this were to be their last time on earth.

"Don't be nervous, dear, just be perfectly natural," is the parting cheer of each one.

At last Kate realizes she cannot practice a minute longer, it is time to go, and with an "Into thy hands, O Lord," she sends herself for her concert.

"DEAD-HEAD" AUDIENCE.

The scene now is a different one. A large well-lighted hall with about six to eight hundred people who were not only asked to come, free of any charge, but were almost begged and buffeted into the place. The sprinkling of Americans are conspicuous by the splendid costumes and the white laundered shirts of the men. On the stage, the orchestra, tired, listless—indifferent.

Bravissimo! The first bell to warn the people downstairs in the corridors. Bravissimo! Number two, and Kate suddenly sits down, claps her hands and gasps, "War, war, war, please!" Yes, water but this is a hard thing to get in Germany. "Lemonade, anything," says Kate with so much expression in her tired eyes, "Lemonade, ah, that is more likely," replies

IT IS A FACT

(Buffalo, N. Y., Times.)

In view of the general belief in the incurability of chronic Bright's Disease and Diabetes, we were asked to send a representative to interview three parties in this city, two of whom have recovered and the third is getting well. A member of our staff went to one of the parties on Jefferson street to investigate. He is a business man. He gave the reporters the following facts: He had a friend who was as far gone with Diabetes that he could hardly move. Later he was astonished to see him back again at his employment. Meanwhile his wife developed the same disease. Later she was again about her daily occupations.

The business man in question was intensely interested, as he was a great sufferer himself from Diabetes. He learned how their recoveries had been effected, and procured the treatment for himself, with the result that he has resumed the personal care of his business.

It so happens that the member of the Times staff who verified these facts also knows of another case in this city that is yielding to the same treatment. That chronic Bright's Disease and Diabetes are fatal the world over, are now cured is being established here as well as in California.—Buffalo Times.

We sent for this treatment in the interest of people here. If it is interested in the curability of Bright's Disease or Diabetes will call I will give them full information.—F. J. Hill Drug Co., S. E. Lake City.

"THE HAPPIEST MOMENT."

This then, Granny, is the happiest moment of your life, bless your dear old heart. To see the clamoring public burst forth in enthusiastic applause to greet Kate, to hear her play, to stand around and beg for more, to throw flowers at her, to unharness the horses (even hack horses) from the carriage, and jubilantly pull her through the streets, and the thought makes your heart flow over with tears of joy, you tell of her "not being knee-high to a grasshopper, when I seed and knowed, she was a genius. Why from that day when Jim Carson and me surprised her playing that little piano with one of her dear little fingers, I done everything I could to make a big planner player out of her."

However back to Berlin.

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

What is this icy silence? Ah, Granny, in Berlin they only applaud one whose merits are known, they recognize. The few Americans want to meet a demonstration, but the moment—the psychological second—is past, the foreboding, sneering looks of their neighbors, the easily frightened Kathrene's loyal friends.

The orchestra is blazing away in a heroic introduction to a Grand Concerto and like to the drowning man in whose brain suddenly recalls something she has casually read years ago.

"I am man, I am woman, I am everybody, I am Walt Whitman!" This is the keynote of personality—self-confidence, force—and "Bang" she was studied! Her eyes at once detect the nut in the audience, necks bent forward, interest intense. It certainly is going ripingly. The American consul is seen to inhale deeply with pride, and in some breasts there stir the feeling—"Three cheers for the red, white and blue."

Kate gains confidence and in a breathing space looks into the audience. Her eye at once detects the sarcastic smile on the face of Professor X, the critic for the "Morning Cheese," but Kate continues and thinks, "After all, I am Kate Smith. Shucks! I practised that 8,000 times today alone." Now comes the huge climax, the difficult passages, the crescendos, and Kate suddenly feels a shiver break out over her body, run down her face on to her bosom. Her mouth is drawn in a desperate cramp, her face is as red as a lobster, her hands like ice and as wet as if she had just drawn them from a basin of water. Her fingers are tied up in knots and she is utterly cross-eyed! Heavens, did you ever see a piano with so many black

keys! She cannot find the pedals. Her knees have given way, she has suddenly become bow-legged.

"PERFECTLY NATURAL."

What was it Samantha Jones had last said—"Just be perfectly natural, dear." Perfectly natural, indeed, sitting in a spacious bath, dressed in a décolleté gown!

Plucky girl, she'll not give in. She has now found the pedal and clings faithfully to it, while in a delirium she swims around in a series of secondary unperceived seventh. The gallant conductor now comes to the rescue, and Kate is recalled from her trance to the Berlin Philharmonic, who had long since stopped playing, by seeing him lean over the piano and with his baton point out her place in the orchestral score.

The concert is at an end—the audience gives much kindly and encouraging applause. There is a spread at some fashionable restaurant afterwards and Kate is congratulated right and left. "I wonder why?" she tosses on her pillow all night and finally kneels on a cushion at the window, her face resting on her hands, awaiting daybreak—and the first edition of the Morning Cheese.

Kate walks into the dining-room wearing a rose from the bouquet some scheming German military man had sent her. She is breathless for some time to translate her criticism for her.

COLD CRITICISMS.

And so we read, "There is little pleasurable to report about Miss Jones, who essayed a concerto at the Mozart hall. About Miss Smith, who at the same time gave a concert at the Beethoven hall, we had best pass over without further comment; for beyond a huge bump of arrogance and good looks, the young lady possesses not the slightest vestige of talent nor education."

Kate allows herself to be consoled, for every one says Prof. X is a rough. The local English paper then appears and brings the following enthusiastic report of Kate's playing:

"Miss Kathrene Smythe—one of the most attractive American girls in the colony, gave a most delightful concert on Thursday evening. Amongst those present were Mrs. A. B. C., who were a gown of real Venetian lace trimmed with, etc."

BACK TO U. S. A.

And then comes a cable. Surely it is from an American manager. "One hundred concerts, name your own terms, but no this is from Jack—plain Jack—telling her in the kindest possible way poor granny has died. Kate's income has stopped and she faces the world penniless. She goes back home, hangs out her shingle for pupils and has a certain success. But to teach well one must know heaps. Her musical ideals crumble one by one—and one nice day, our Kate becomes Mrs. Jack.

The moral of the story—which, by the way, is a true story—is obvious. There are thousands of cases I could cite, infinitely worse in their ending; of borrowed moneys, of debts, of suicides. Why will they come to Europe, anyway?

ARTHUR HARTMANN.

CURES WINTER COUGH.

J. E. Gover, 101 N. Main St., Ottawa, Kan., writes: "My wife has had a severe cold, and therefore to cough all winter long. Last fall I got her a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. She used it and has been able to sleep soundly all night long. Whenever the cough troubled her, two or three doses stopped the cough, and she is able to be up and well." Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, 112 and 114 South Main St.

CHURCH FROM A SINGLE TREE.

The quaint structure shown herewith was built from the timber supplied by a single tree. It is the Gamla chapel at Upsala, Sweden, and it is one of the most famous buildings in Scandinavia, the land of old wooden structures.

Diplomas For Apprentices.



Upsala, Sweden, and it is one of the most famous buildings in Scandinavia, the land of old wooden structures.

The demand for some tangible evidence of an agreement or of an undertaking performed, "something to show for it," is a notable trait of Americans. It has developed in fact to such an extent that it has become more than one of our "human nature" evidences. The importance credited to this influence, says the Iron Trade Review, is confirmed by the decision of a leading American manufacturing association to provide regular and uniform forms for the drawing up of apprenticeship articles and for diplomas certifying that the apprentices have completed the term laid out for him and is therefore thoroughly equipped in this particular line of work.

Although the apprenticeship articles are drawn up in full legal form, and provision is made for a financial penalty in case the term is not completed, the association is not so much concerned with the phases of the arrangement as with the moral effect which the signing of legal documents and the entering into a formal contract are certain to produce upon the mind of the young prospective machinist and with the sense of pride which he is naturally expected to manifest in carrying out this contract. This apprenticeship plan was worked out some six months ago, and certain manufacturing concerns which have already had the opportunity of placing it in effect have found that the association's estimate of the influence of this factor was by no means overestimated. It has proved a tie which holds where other appeals fail, all of which is very much to the credit of the future machinists.

THE NEW PURE FOOD AND DRUG LAW.

We are pleased to announce that Folsby's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. For sale by F. J. Hill Drug Co., The Never Substitutes.

The Hand Behind the Pen.

In the current Atlantic Walter H. Page casts a side light upon the background of modern literature when he says: "The journeyman writers write almost all that almost all Americans read. This is a fact that we have to face ourselves about. We talk about literature, and we talk about 'back writers,' implying that the reading that we do is of literature. The truth all the while is we read little else than the writing of the hacks—living hacks—that is, men and women who take our pay. We may hug the notion that our life and thought are not really affected by current literature that we read."

Little Ills of Children

Mothers and all others who have children about the house cannot do better than to learn of simple and reliable remedies that correct children's ailments. Many grown people are suffering today for the ignorance or negligence of those who had charge of their bringing up.

Children are prone to constipation, and if it isn't corrected early, the bowels get in the habit of not working normally and soon chronic constipation results that may last off and on all through life. Then children eat almost continually and as a consequence indigestion sets in soon followed by worms, or stomach pains, or diarrhea, or any one of a dozen other troubles. To say that it will right itself is putting altogether too much faith in chance. It is trying with the child's present and future health.

A better way is to give the child a dose of something intended to cure that very trouble, and nothing better for the purpose is known than Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It never grips but is a gently and as it has a pleasant taste the child will not refuse to take it. Buy a Six-cent or \$1 bottle of your druggist and save the child from sickness. You should remember that a child who never stomach is good working order is not likely to catch colds and fever diseases.

Mrs. Curry, of Freebridge, Ill., attributes the remarkable health of her child to Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which she gives regularly in these disorders. Mrs. Everette, of Hinsdale, Ill., is frank to say that the present good condition of her five-year-old boy is entirely due to this wonderful remedy. Try it in your own family and see if you cannot share these opinions. Every bottle is guaranteed to do exactly as we claim, and the purity of ingredients is also vouched for.

FREE TEST

Those wishing to try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin before buying should write to Dr. Caldwell, 112 and 114 South Main St., Monticello, Ill. This offer is to prove that the remedy will do as we claim, and is only open to those who have never taken it. Send for it if you have any symptoms of stomach, liver or bowel diseases. Get the most effective laxative for children, women and old folks. A guaranteed permanent home remedy. THE PUBLIC VERDICT: "No Laxative So Good and Sure as Dr. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN." This product bears purity guarantee No. 17, Washington, D. C.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO.
112 and 114 South Main St., Monticello, Ill.

The living writers only for utilitarian reasons and that our real intellectual life is fed by the great dead writers. But our hugging this conclusion does not change the fact that the intellectual life even of most educated persons and the present. But, even if this be true, it is still true also that the intellectual life of the American people is chiefly shaped by current writing.

It is indeed strange that the reading public should ever have in disregard the trained or professional writer whose field is romance or poetry. In other departments of writing, as history and the sciences, the practical hand is supposed to be the only one able to turn out pages worth reading. The novelist and the poet must know his material and also have a mastery of the art of making his point clear. It speaks well for modern literature that it is read at all when the productions of venerated "geniuses" are abundant and cheap.

Prices Thirty Years Ago.

The Cleveland Leader recently dug up a retail grocer's bill for supplies delivered to a family in the seventies which throws light upon the comparative cost of living then and now. The necessities of life, of course, figure heaviest on a bill for the table. Flour was retailing in Cleveland in 1874 at almost double the price ruling today. Markets had then barely recovered from the high war prices on certain imported articles, notably sugar, coffee and tea, and these indispensable as well as lemons and imported dried fruit were higher than at present. Increase of production has made peaches cheaper today than they were 30 years ago.

Aside from peaches, the products of the home soil are generally higher now than in the seventies. Eggs now cost double, and all products of the dairy are higher. Formerly the condition of a crop had a direct effect upon prices, but in spite of abundant crops fruit and vegetables now command prices higher than formerly for the reason, probably, that the consumption per capita is greater.

Help for all SUFFERERS

INGRAHAM'S Macedonian Oil

The Great Remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Cholera Morbus, Headache, Catarrh, Asthma, Kidney and Liver Trouble, Cuts, Bruises, Wounds, Ears, Toothache, Burns, Piles, Frosted Feet and Backache.

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MOVE THE BOWELS AND WORK WITH THE ORIGINAL
BEE'S LAXATIVE
COUGH SYRUP
BEST FOR A
COLD BY Z. C. M. L. Drug Dept., 112-114 Main.

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Leysons

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The name LEYSON carries to the mind of most people pleasant recollections of things received and happy anticipations of other things to come at Christmas, wedding, anniversary, Easter and birthday time.

It seems as though each year's experience fits us to more accurately judge the wants of our patrons and we are quite sure that LEYSON'S now is more attractive and more abundantly stocked with what is wanted than at any other period in our history.

Although we have the rare sparkling jewels for the exclusive buyers we have more abundantly the many pretty and practical gifts for those of lesser means, and we cater particularly to this class this season hoping to show the skeptical that we sell better goods than most local jewelers and at prices lower than any.

This week we want every one to come down and visit us whether anything is wanted in our line or not as the best compliment anyone can pay us is to come purposely to enjoy our stock and the surroundings.

We call particular attention to the fact that this is a great BRASS, COPPER, BRONZE and IRON epic and our display of practical and artistic pieces in these metals is unexcelled in the west. Selections made now will be held until Christmas.

Remember it is quite correct to give jewelry for Christmas gifts but in Utah it is more correct to see that LEYSON'S name appears on the box and to get the box you must buy the goods here.

"Jones candy" may be as good as "Huylers", but it don't sound as good, neither is its guarantee established, so it is with jewelry, LEYSON'S sounds best and has an unchallenged guarantee of superiority.

Phone 65

For the correct time.

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Stable Use.—Keep your horse's teeth dressed once a year and give one ounce of Nunn's Black Oil three times a week. Every organ of his body will be healthy. Always ready for work. Ninety per cent that died can be saved. Give it with a syringe into mouth, best way.

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Take Nunn's Black Oil Balsam—BLUE CARTONS—three times a week. Keep well, be a young man at seventy, the great secret, keep the sewer clean and flushed, its the clog that creates sickness. Read the pamphlet inside every Carton. Never grow old. Sold everywhere, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

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a pretty face, a good figure, but sooner or later learn that the healthy, happy, contented woman is most of all to be admired.

Women troubled with fainting spells, irregularities, nervous irritability, backache, the "blues," and those dreadful dragging sensations, cannot hope to be happy or popular, and advancement in either home, business or social life is impossible.

The cause of these troubles, however, yields quickly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made from native roots and herbs. It acts upon the organs connected with the nerve centers, and liberally effectually all those distressing symptoms. No other medicine in the country has received such unqualified endorsement or has such a record of cures of female ills as has

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Miss Emma Runtzler, of 631 State St., Schenectady, N. Y., writes:—"For a long time I was troubled with a weakness which seemed to drain all my strength away. I had dull headaches, was nervous, irritable, and all worn out. Chancing to read one of your advertisements of a case similar to mine cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I decided to try it, and I cannot express my gratitude for the benefit received. I am entirely well and feel like a new person."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all forms of Female Complaints, Weak Back, Pulling and Displacements, Inflammation and Obstruction, and is invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the Change of Life.

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Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and always helpful.



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Ask your grocer for it. Take no other.

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Nerve Prostration

is one of the great troubles that come to weak women, as a result of neglected womanly ills.

Pain acts on your nerves, like rust on steel, and they simply go all to pieces.

You can't build rusty steel back again, and sometimes you can't get your nerves back into their former strength, so it's best to begin, in plenty of time, to take Cardui.

It will build up the resistance of your nerve power, so pain won't seem so hard to bear, and it has been found to relieve and prevent the pain. In many



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cases of nerve prostration, Cardui has helped restore the invalid to health.

Thus, Mrs. J. Bennett, of El Paso, Tex., writes: "I suffered for 3 years from pains in the back, dizziness and nervous prostration. After being laid up in bed for three weeks, I took Cardui and derived immediate benefit. Now I am enjoying good health." At all druggists, Try.

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